Tombstone Epitaph.

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GRANDPA'S BARN.

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
And the cooing doves fly in and out,
And the air is sweet with fragrant hay.

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,
And the hens are busily looking around,
And the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there,
And the breeze blows through with a merry sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
With fluttering wings in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees which lean
To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

--Dumb Animals.

LINCOLN'S TENDER CONSCIENCE.

A Branch of Legal Practice Which He Never Tried to Learn—An Incident.

Although Mr. Lincoln was my senior by eighteen years, in one important particular, I certainly was, in a marvelous degree, his acknowledged superior. One of the first things I learned, after getting fairly under way as a lawyer, was to charge well for legal services—a branch of the practice that Mr. Lincoln never could learn. In fact, the lawyers of the circuit often complained that his fees were not at all commensurate with the service rendered. He at length left that branch of the business wholly to me; and to my tender mercy clients were turned over to be slaughtered according to my popular and more advanced ideas of the dignity of our profession. This soon led to serious and shocking embarrassment.

Early in our practice a gentleman named Scott placed in my hands a case of some importance. He had a demented sister who possessed property to the amount of $10,000, mostly in cash. A conservator, as he was called, had been appointed to take charge of the estate, and we were employed to resist a motion to remove the conservator. A designing adventurer had become acquainted with the girl, knowing that she had money, and sought to marry her—hence the motion. Scott, the brother and conservator, before we entered upon the case, insisted that I should fix the amount of the fee. I told him that it would be $250, adding, however, that he had better wait; it might not give us much trouble, and in that event a lesser amount would do. He agreed at once to pay $250, as he expected a hard contest over the motion. The case was tried inside of twenty minutes. Our success was complete. Scott was satisfied, and cheerfully paid over the money inside the bar, Mr. Lincoln looking on. Scott then went out and Mr. Lincoln asked: "What did you charge that man?" I told him $250.

Said he: "Lamon, that is all wrong. The service was not worth that sum; give him back at least half of it."

I protested that the fee was fixed in advance; that Scott was perfectly satisfied, and had so expressed himself.

"That may be," retorted Lincoln, with a look of distress and of undisguised displeasure; "but I am not satisfied. This is positively wrong. Go, call him back and return half the money at least, or I will not receive one cent of it for my share."

I did go, and Scott was astonished when I handed back half the fee. This conversation had attracted the attention of the lawyers and the court. Judge David Davis, then on our circuit bench, called Mr. Lincoln to him. The judge never could whisper, but in this instance he probably did his best. At all events, in attempting to whisper to Mr. Lincoln he trumpeted his rebuke in about these words, and in rasping tones that could be heard all over the court room: "Lincoln, I have been watching you and Lamon. You are impoverishing this bar by your picayune charges of fees, and the lawyers have reason to complain of you. You are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you don't make people pay you more for your services you will die as poor as Job's turkey!"

Judge O. L. Davis, the leading lawyer in that part of the state, promptly applauded this malediction from the bench, but Mr. Lincoln was immovable. "That money," said he, "comes out of the pocket of a poor demented girl, and I would rather starve than to swindle her in this manner."

That evening the lawyers got together and tried Mr. Lincoln before a moot tribunal called "The Ogmathorial Court." He was found guilty and fined for his awful crime against the pockets of his brethren of the bar. The fine he paid with great good humor, and then he kept the crowd of lawyers in uproarious laughter until after midnight. He persisted in his revolt, however, declaring that with his consent his firm should never during its life, or after its dissolution, deserve the reputation enjoyed by those shining lights of the profession, "Catchem and Cheatem."
—Ward Lamon's Letter.

Charles Reade's Only Ballad.

Once, in 1873, it occurred to him to try his own hand at versification. He was at Liverpool, superintending the production of his theatrical adaptation of "The Wandering Heir." He had an idea that a "popular ballad," modeled upon those which are hawked about the streets, and embodying the leading incidents of his play, would serve well as an advertisement, and he set himself to the task of producing one with an earnestness which no person unacquainted with him could have believed to be sincere.

For several days it occupied the greater part of his attention, and his delight in the work was like that of a child. "I never attempted anything of this sort before," he said, "but, do you know, I think I have a knack at it. Now listen," and he would read a dozen or more lines of the most rickety meter and barbarous rhyme that ever were put together. He actually thought it was a capital thing in its way, and was as proud of it, when finished and printed, as of the finest chapter he had written. It seems next to incredible that the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth" should get so fantastic a notion into his mind, but it is a still greater marvel that none of his intimate companions saw anything incongruous in the proceeding.—Atlantic Monthly.

Water as a Medicine.

Ordinary drinking water, if taken in large quantities, acts as a solvent and a diuretic, and also increases the perspiration if the temperature of the air be high. Taken in the quantity of one or two quarts at a time, the diluent effect of water is often sufficient to eliminate an excess of alcohol from the blood, as after taking too much wine. Another effect of large draughts of water is to make the pulse slower and to diminish slightly the normal temperature of the body.

Increase of weight has been claimed as a result of systematic water drinking on retiring for the night. The latest researches do not bear out this conclusion. Water thus taken will prevent any actual loss of weight, but it is not shown that it will do anything more. With the addition of a moderate stimulant, however, it has often a decidedly fattening effect.—Harper's Magazine.

NEW USE FOR BELLS.

How a Restaurant Manager Obviates the Old System of Bawling Out Orders.

"Where's my ham and eggs?" impatiently asked a man of the waiter in a Clark street restaurant the other day.

"They s a comin' sah, they's a comin."

"But I didn't hear you give the order."

"No, sah; we doan give no ordahs; we touch de bells."

"I've got a new scheme," said the manager, who had overheard the conversation. "I don't know how it is with you, but it takes away my appetite to go into a restaurant where the waiter, when he gets an order, bawls it out at the top of his voice. Now, in some places, after ordering just what you did here you'd hear the waiter shout, 'one in the dark, white wings, hog to come along,' and if you told him that you wanted the eggs cooked on both sides, he'd sing out, 'shipwreck them white wings.' Of course the cook understands that ham and eggs and a cup of coffee are the articles called for by this order, but to the uninitiated it is all Greek. Waiters' slang is the most complex jargon ever used, and why they use it they are unable to explain themselves. Now, by my system all the noise and confusion are done away with. You never hear any order given, and the waiters are not obliged to leave the dining room. But come with me and I'll show you."

The manager led the way to a table near the center of the room. Upon it were about twenty white buttons, and at the base of each was a label. Every button was capable of transmitting several orders. For instance one of the buttons was labeled "eggs," and upon a card were the following directions: "For boiled eggs, ring once; eggs on toast, twice; scrambled eggs, three times; omelet, four times." It was the same with steaks, as by a different number of rings the distinction between tenderloin, porterhouse and sirloin, rare, medium or well done could be conveyed to the kitchen with as much accuracy and with more speed than by the voice.

"We'll go down to the kitchen and see how that end of it works," remarked the manager, leading the way to a flight of stairs. A savory smell of cooking meat was wafted to the visitor as he descended the stairs. In front of half a dozen big broilers stood as many white jacketed cooks, with equally white caps placed rakishly upon their heads. The manager said that the caps were not worn for adornment, but to prevent hairs and dandruff from falling into the food. "I don't know why it is," said he, "but constant working near a fire seems to have a tendency to cause the hair to drop out. Of course that would never do, so we oblige the men to wear linen head gear in order to prevent any mishaps. Then, too, it looks cleaner, and in a restaurant looks are everything."

Opposite the ranges, surrounded by a little railing, was an annunciator resembling those used in hotels to denote the numbers of rooms. In front of it was seated a lad about 15 years of age with a number of tickets in his hand. Each ticket had a number printed upon it corresponding to the number given one of the cooks. These were called off in rotation, so that each one of the cooks would get the same number of dishes to serve. Suddenly there was a whirring sound, followed by a quick snap. The boy looked up and saw the word "steak" on a triangular piece of metal. Then came two short rings and a long one. The boy looked at a card and called: "No. 3, tenderloin steak rare, with mushrooms." The triangular piece of metal was put back in its place, and in a trice a juicy steak was sizzling on the iron. It was getting along toward 6 o'clock then, and the orders began to come in thick and fast.

"We don't serve anything here but short orders," said the manager, "and though I have over fifty articles on my bill of fare, I have never found one that could not be ordered by means of the bell. I don't believe there's another system like it in the country, and you can see for yourself how much time and trouble it saves."—Chicago Herald.

Hog Guessing on Long Island.

The season is rapidly approaching when harvest homes will be superseded by hog guessing, the favorite amusement of Long Islanders. The manner of proceeding is as follows:

Handbills are printed announcing the time and place of the proceedings. The name and assumed weight of the hogs, together with the cost of the tickets, are also advertised. Each person registers his estimate of the weight upon the ticket before surrendering it. Then a hog whose name and assumed weight has been advertised is killed and dressed. The person who guesses the exact weight of the slaughtered animal takes him, or the guess nearest the correct figure entitles the guesser to the meat. "Reckoning" or "allowing" is not permitted. Participants, however, can guess as many times as they are willing and able to pay for the privilege. Some of the swine slaughtered are of enormous dimensions and tip the scales anywhere from 400 to 600 pounds.

Various artifices are resorted to by which the weight of the animals is ascertained or approximated beforehand. Frequently measurements are taken upon which guesses are based, and sometimes the actual weight is ascertained at night. —New York Evening Sun.

Queer Indian Customs in Brazil.

The Indian prayer meetings in the country are rather a singular admixture of superstition and devotion. A doll is dressed in silk clothes, with candles on each side, a good bit of tinsel work about it and a ribbon tied about its waist. It rests on the table. Eight or ten Indian men stand around. One has a large drum, which he beats continually. The women sit on the floor, while the men sing prayers to the saint, the women responding. They commence praying about 7 or 8 o'clock and keep it up two or three hours. Then the women with their little children kiss the ribbons, asking favors of the saint. The men then go through the same ceremony. The saint is then locked up in a box, and dancing commences and lasts the rest of the night. Frequent potions of whisky are imbibed by the men, coffee and wine by the women. When the men become too drunk to dance longer they retire to their hammocks and sleep until sober.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

French Love of Glory.

The French claim to be the Romans, and almost everything they undertake to do they refer to a Roman precedent. Glory is one of these things. The English dwell upon the idea of power. The Frenchman has no particular care for power unless it brings him action, admiration and artistic tribute.—"Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

A public school system is to be established in Alaska by agents of the Federal government.

THE FONDEST LOVES.

As some dear friend departing backward looks,
And then returns for one more sweet embrace
With tender, clinging lips and misty eyes,
And sorrow on the erstwhile happy face;
So lingers our dear summer, clinging still
To the broad meadow's breast and sunny hill.

It flings a hundred sunbeams on the wall;
It warms to life the budding marigold;
It nestles close upon the forest tall;
With daisies white it spreads the open wold,
And then it weeps and weeps its heart away
To think how soon this beauty must decay.

So love, like summer, strives to keep its place
With lightsome smiles and gentle, winning ways—
Recalls the wandering heart, relights the face
With some faint semblance of its early phase;
And then it weeps and weeps its heart away
To see how soon the fondest loves decay.

—Elizabeth Baker Bohan.

HOW BILL NYE WORKS.

A Talk Concerning One of the Most Popular Funny Men of the Day.

Ik. Marvel says: "A man asks me to write something; he might as well ask the skies to rain." Bill Nye says: "If you want me to write just tell me to write something and then let me alone."

He generally keeps a supply of some twenty subjects pretty well in hand that can be written up on short notice. He keeps a note book just like the rest, a literary rag bag "into which lots and lots goes in, and nothing was ever yet known to come out." He thinks there is a fortune in store for the man who invests manuscripts with some property like a magnet that by passing them over the rubbish of a note book will attract to themselves just what belongs.

He cannot write "in order." He has attempted a few times to write by measure, so many words, so much pay, such a length, such a subject. "Why, you might as well pack me down into my trundle bed and tell me to sleep. I can feel the cramp in my limbs yet." He cannot even write under headings, as his subject, like a stick in water, is apt to turn all sorts of crooks and elbows before he gets to the bottom.

One of The World's staff brought him a piece of his manuscript the other day, his thumb resting on a spot of it that was bursting with laughter. "For heaven's sake, Bill, how did you ever get this turn on that? Did you sit down in cold blood and manufacture it, or did it come on you all of a sudden?" "The pen was half through the joke before I saw it," said he.

He never rewrites an article by any chance, often interlines, crosses out or doubles up, but the copy goes to the office just that way. It all comes just about as he wants it, faster than he can write it. He sometimes has to stop to spear a word which is careening about in vacancy, but never an expression. He must finish one article while in that particular mood. It is useless to try to recall it in any particular shape if interrupted, and he has lost much valuable matter in this way. He intends making a study of more continued writing, but dreads the attempt.

On his first writing he used a high desk, but later on, finding that height absolutely necessary to composition deliberately broke himself of the habit by writing on his knee, which now constitutes his desk on all ordinary occasions. He uses a little pencil, likes a very fine pen point. He makes the finest copy of any writer he knows except one. He hates proof reading, and says a man has to suffer so little nowadays by mistakes, owing to the excellent proof work done by the newspapers, that he had much rather suffer that "little" than read the proof so "long."

Much greater facility has come to him by practice. Also he has a consciousness that there is a marked improvement in the pith and finish of his work. In this he is supported by the opinions of his best friends, who are "always prompt to give helpful criticism," and by the distaste he now has for his earlier efforts, some of which are quite unpalatable to him now. He has no fear whatever of "running out" or becoming stale, as he does not claim to create, only to clothe old subjects of living interest in new form, and this can walk side by side with humanity just as long as it or he lives. He has written in all only about twelve years.

He gives his best mind work to his every day friends, saving nothing because it is more valuable written. Before writing he was an inimitable story teller and joke maker of that delicious type that shows the fun only with his eyes. The only reason that he is less humorous now in conversation than in his writing is on the principle of "turning over on the other side to rest a weary muscle." The humorist, as the comedian, must turn to "the grave" for relaxation.—Fannie Edgar Thomas in Inter Ocean.

The Child of Mount Vernon.

George Washington Parke Custis died at Arlington, near Washington city, on the 10th of October, 1857. He left one child, the wife of Robert E. Lee, afterward the Confederate general. Closely allied to the Washington family, fond of calling himself the child of Mount Vernon, he was never so much in his element as when he was talking or writing of the great chief and the men and times of the Revolution. As he said of himself once, "his was the destiny of no common man," for he had been fondled on the knee of the Father of his Country, and received from him the kindness of a parent. He repaid that care and affection with filial devotion, and to the day of his death all the recollections of his life centered around or radiated from the time when he was one of Washington's family. He lived to a good old age, retaining his mental faculties to the last. Though Mr. Custis was never in public life, he was in his younger days an eloquent and effective speaker, and had a fondness for oratory as long as he was able to gratify those who constantly called on him to make public addresses.—Ben: Perley Poore's Letter.

A Remedy for Toothache.

The advantages of employing injections of pilocarpine for toothache are warmly set forth by M. Kurzahoff in The Revue de Therapeutique. It is used in the form of a solution of ten centigrams of the pilocarpine to fifteen grams of distilled water, this being injected into the temporal region on the side of the affected tooth. In two cases, one-eighth of a grain was injected, and in a third case, one-fourth of a grain, the pain always ceasing permanently about an hour after the injection; in about the same length of time the perspiration and salivation, determined by the pilocarpine, also disappeared. In one case only, that of a man aged 46, affected with rheumatic periodontitis and severe pains in the ears, the injection of a quarter of a grain produced copious vomiting, cyanosis, general weakness and drowsiness—all these symptoms, however, in this exceptional case, disappearing in about an hour and a half after the administration of twenty drops of the tincture of valerian.—New York Tribune.

A PANIC IN A THEATRE.

The Senseless Madness that Sometimes Takes Hold of People.

It seems impossible, when you look around at gallant men and amiable women, sitting placidly at a play, that in a moment, on the utterance of one word, they can be turned into dumb, driven cattle, senseless, suicidal idiots. But it is so. Any night the auditorium of a fashionable theatre may echo to some unfortunate note of alarm. In an instant the gray haired banker, whose dignity gave tone to his whole section, is walking up the backs of women and over the heads of children.

At the Park theatre one night (the theatre that happily was destroyed by fire about three hours before the time when it would have been packed by New York's best people to witness Mrs. Langtry's debut), some dude, entering up the unsafe and tortuous stairway, threw his cigarette through the iron grating of the steps. Some accumulated rubbish began to smolder, and a volume of smoke poured into the auditorium. About half the audience sitting there knew that the stage had an enormous square opening direct upon Twenty-second street—a door not ten feet from the level of the street. Every soul in the house could have gone over the low footlights, crossed the stage and been in Twenty-second street in three minutes' time. They had all entered the theatre by the crooked, narrow passage; they all knew its miserable limits; they saw the smoke coming in at that narrow passage, and yet when some scared scamp near the door jumped to his feet and screeched "Fire!" they all with one accord started to the rear, regardless of life or limb.

Luckily that night a stalwart policeman, with the lungs of a Stentor, calmly said: "There ain't no fire; it's been put out." He grabbed the first lot of mad people and bodily put them down into seats; but for a few minutes there was the wildest kind of scrimmage. A well known and dignified citizen had sat in high bred ease two seats ahead of me during the performance. As the panic struck him he rose, mounted over the back of his seat and started to walk on the shoulders of some fashionably attired ladies. It seemed an occasion for remonstrance, and I had a slight but severe remark to make, and made it with an opera glass; the old gentleman took the kindly hint and concluded to walk on his legs in the aisle, but he had made a fair start to tramp to safety over his fellow creatures.

Another time, in the Cosmopolitan hall, the place was crowded for a first night of minstrelsy. There was a low gallery running round the building, supported on a series of iron posts. During the evening one of these posts slipped off the "block" and crashed through into a billiard saloon in the basement; the gallery in that particular spot sagged, creaked and some beam split with alarming noise. In a moment all was excitement in the crowded gallery. I was sitting a few feet in front of this spot, and being fearful the people might jump down on my devoted head, I pushed my escort, a very important and self-sufficient gentleman, and suggested we get into two broad aisles beside him, where, if people jumped, they would not jump on us. I got no response, and I might as well have pushed at the side of the house, he was so immovable. With "level fronting eyelids" he confronted nothing and looked at it steadily. He clasped a hard Derby hat against his stomach and was as near petrifaction as is consistent with life.

After the alarm subsided and the performance was resumed, it was discovered that my scared friend had crushed his hat on his body as flat as a mustard plaster, and pressed the nails of one hand so venomously into the other that the blood had started through the cut skin.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Morning Dew for Her Complexion.

A young woman who claims Augusta as her home, and who officiated as maid to a New York belle who spent last summer at Bar Harbor, has just cleared up what was regarded, even at that resort, used as it is to queer freaks, as mysterious actions. Every morning my lady's maid was seen to leave the hotel between 5 and 6, and spread on the grass something that looked very like a fine white handkerchief. Then, having waited a few moments, she would gather up the article and return to her mistress' chamber. She now explains that it was part of her duties to wet a lace mouchoir—as the lady called it—with the early dew of morning and then lay it over the face of the New York belle, who had an idea that it softened and added beauty and freshness to her complexion. Privately, the maid admitted—not expecting to be engaged by the same damsel another season—that the young lady's ruse was a failure, as her complexion always looked moist and rather shiny, instead of having the clear tint she hoped for. That the first snow of winter is commonly supposed to remove freckles is an old conceit, but that the morning dew enhances the complexion of city belles is indeed a new "fad."—Lewiston Journal.

Railway Enterprise in Turkey.

An important railway enterprise is announced in Turkey, a syndicate of British financiers having received from the government the right to construct a grand trunk line to traverse the central plateau of Asia Minor and connect Constantinople with Bagdad, covering a distance of 1,330 miles. It is said that for years past this undertaking has been the goal of rival speculators. English, French, German and American companies have all sought to obtain the franchise. The line to Ada-Bazaar from Ismid is to be commenced forthwith and finished in two years. In four years the line is to be finished to Angora, and eight years after to Bagdad. It is estimated to cost some $90,000,000.—Chicago News.

Time for Mariners.

The plan of signaling accurate time from sea coasts was first adopted by Great Britain about thirty years ago. That country now has on its coasts fourteen time balls and five other time signals, and its colonies and dependencies have twenty-six time balls; Germany has seven time balls; France, four time balls and two other time signals; Sweden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Holland with Belgium, and the United States, have five time balls each; Denmark has two; Spain and Portugal, one each; Italy, none.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A New Advertising Dodge.

The latest advertising dodge is to strew about the sidewalks bogus purses, from which bogus bills stick out, the idea being that the people who pick them up will have their attention drawn to the advertisements printed on them. "I don't think much of that scheme," said a gentleman who is not wholly insensible to the charms of money. "Do you think I am going to patronize a man who trifles with my finest feelings?"—Toronto Globe.

$250 Reward.

The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons unlawfully handling any of my stock. Brand H G on left hip.

H. W. HASSELGREN.
Charleston, A.T. je12-1y

ARIZONA PRINCE COPPER CO.

Take notice that I intend to resign as trustee under the first mortgage securing the bonds of this company, dated October 1st 1883, and be discharged of the trusts created thereby, and I give this notice according to the terms of that instrument.

LOUIS WINDMULLER.
New York City, Jan. 12, 1888.